

# SONGS OF THE Boudoir

A SELECTION FROM

## FAVORITE AUTHORS

WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE

## Piano Forte

1. I'LL WAKE UP MY OWN SWEET ROSE	<i>Caroline</i>
2. SWISS GIRL	<i>Bedell</i>
3. CHICK, CHARM OF THE VILLAGE MILL	<i>Bedell</i>
4. LITTLE BLOSSOM	<i>Chapman</i>
5. LUCY GREY	<i>Carlyle</i>
6. MARY MAYOURNEEN	<i>Carlyle</i>
7. SHELLS OF OCEAN	<i>Cherry</i>
8. NO NEER CAN THY HOME BE MINE	<i>Cherry</i>
9. BIRD OF THE OCEAN BLUE	<i>Carroll</i>
10. SWEET CHILDHOODS HAPPY LAUGH	<i>Carroll</i>

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"L U C Y    G R A Y."

There is a tradition in Ireland, that a beautiful girl called Lucy, being forsaken by her lover, who had deserted her for a richer bride, fell into an incurable illness, and died of a broken heart, on the day before his nuptials were to be celebrated with the object of his mercenary choice. Lucy requested of her friends when dying, that her corpse might be carried to the church at the very time that the bride and bridegroom were retiring from the altar, after the celebration of the marriage ceremony. The latter being struck with an overwhelming sorrow and remorse, at the solemn and touching sight, which thus unexpectedly met his view, trembled violently, and with a deep groan, fell dead before the coffin of her whom he had so cruelly and causelessly deserted.

2<sup>nd</sup> To-morrow is his bridal

The parting sun with golden

stace.

*Andante*

day, And mer-ry bells will ring, And vil-lage

ray,..... Lit up the si.....lent room, Where Lucy,

maids their garlands gay..... Before his foot..... steps  
 child of beauty lay..... In all her blight.....

Fling; Hell smile upon his new made bride, For  
 bloom; O Mother dear! an early grave This

get..... ting all the past— o Mother! tell him how I  
 bro..... ken heart must hide. Yet tell him tell him, I for...

die..... And lovd him to the last, Oh tell him,  
 gave..... And bless'd him ere I died. Oh tell him,

tell him how I died, And to'd him to the last,  
 tell him I forgave, And bless'd him ere I died.

3<sup>rd</sup> Deck me when dead, in brides array, — With lillies

wreath my hair, And bear me to the church when

they, The bridal train are there. That when the bridegroom

passes by The mourn.....ful sight he'll see, And gaze per...

chance, with tearful eye..... on all that's left of

me And gaze perchance, with tearful eye..... on all that's

left of me .